

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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### WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Let whosoever will inquire  
Of spirit or of seer,  
To shape unto the heart's desire  
The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to thee  
Than to these fancies fond,  
And wait till thou reveal to me  
The faint and far Beyond.

I seek not of thine Eden-land  
The forms and hues to know;  
What trees in mystic order stand;  
What strange, sweet waters flow.

What duties fill the heavenly day,  
Or converse glad and kind;  
Or how along the shining way  
The bright processions wind.

Oh, joy to hear, with sense new-born,  
The angels' greeting strains;  
And sweet to see the first fair morn  
Gild the celestial plains!

But sweeter far to trust to thee  
While all is yet unknown;  
And through the death-dark cheerily  
To walk with thee alone.

In thee my powers, my treasures, live;  
To thee my life must tend;  
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,  
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above  
A city in the sky?  
Since firm in faith and deep in love  
Its broad foundations lie.

Since in a life of peace and prayer  
Not known on earth, nor praised,  
By humble toil, by ceaseless care,  
The holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul has purified,  
And penitence has shriven,  
And truth is crowned and glorified,  
There—only there—is heaven!  
—*Eliza Scudder.*

### THE BLESSINGS OF OUR KNOWLEDGE AND OF OUR IGNORANCE IN REGARD TO A FUTURE STATE.

"Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him even as he is."  
1 JOHN iii. 2.

"Now we see in a mirror darkly; but then, face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known."—1 COR. xiii. 12.

Easter Sunday is the most universal festival in the Christian Church, coming down from the earliest times, expressing more fully than any other the common faith of Christians in the truth of the gospel, the power of Christ to overcome all evil, the triumph of life over death, the certainty of our own immortality and that of all whom we love. "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain"; your faith also is vain. Not that all belief in immortality depends on the resurrection of Jesus: there are many other legitimate proofs of a hereafter. Nor does the truth of Christ's teaching, the justice of his morality, or the goodness of his life depend upon this one fact of his history. Yet the faith of the Christian Church rests on this fact, as the bridge which crosses a foaming torrent rests on the stone abutments. We do not dig up the ground to look at the



foundations on which our house stands; but there they are, a solid, hidden support of the whole structure. So the vast building which we call "the Christian Church" would, so far as we can tell, never have existed if this fact had not occurred, which has come down to us to-day through the long tradition of eighteen centuries. If this be so, it is well to keep Easter with joy, and call it "queen of festivals."

Consider, then, the facts. That Jesus was put to death we know, not only by the testimony of Tacitus and other heathen writers, but by that of the whole early Church that its Master suffered the punishment considered then the most shameful of all,—that of the cross. Crucifixion was the death of slaves, most degrading, most ignominious, in the popular esteem. No body of men in those days would have admitted that the Master they served had been crucified unless the fact was certain and well known. Had there been the least doubt on the subject, that doubt would have appeared in the early Christian writings, in answer to those who taunted Christians with serving a crucified leader. Gibbon says that the cross was an object of horror to the Roman citizen, and with it were closely connected the ideas of guilt, pain, and ignominy. He quotes Cicero, who says, "Let the cross be not only absent from the body of Roman citizens, but its very name be absent from their eyes, their ears, their thoughts." Even Celsus, the earliest and bitterest opposer of Christianity, did not think of denying the reality of Christ's death, but only that of his resurrection.

Unless Jesus had been crucified, how are we to explain the entire change of feeling in regard to the cross which took place within three centuries? In the time of Cicero it was an object of horror and contempt; it was not even to enter the thoughts of any good man. In the time of Constantine it was placed on the standards of the Roman army, and afterward on the sceptres and crowns of kings. Churches were built in the form of a cross; their spires were crowned with it; and about the year 400 a festival was appointed to celebrate the "exaltation of the cross." In the form of a crucifix the cross became an object of adoration, and one of our Unitarian poets sings,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

All this vast change of feeling in regard to the cross is explained by the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus; but, if he was not thus put to death or did not rise, this glorification of the cross is inexplicable.

Jesus, then, was put to death. His enemies, as they believed, had conquered. His few disciples had forsaken him and fled. Their faith and hope were buried in his grave. But it is certain that after a little while their courage returned and became greater than ever before. Their ignorance of the gospel of their Master was changed into knowledge. Their characters were elevated. They became capable of the utmost devotion, self-denial, labor, in behalf of this defeated Master and this conquered cause. They rose to such heights of spiritual insight that the letters of Peter, of James, and of John are full of light, warning, and consolation for the noblest souls of all times. How did this change come about? How was the Christian Church founded? What power made the crucified Christ the Master of the Roman Empire? The disciples themselves tell us that it was because they saw him risen up, ascended into glory. That is *their* explanation: the explanation of those who reject the resurrection is that they made a mistake, were misled by an excited fancy, and that the whole vast growth of the Christian Church had no motive power behind it other than an imagination and a delusion.

Now, if the future life is an impossibility, if it is a violation of universal law that those who die shall live in a higher state, then we must admit any explanation or no explanation rather than believe in the resurrection. "If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised." If it is impossible for the dead to rise, then Christ cannot have risen, and we must accept the best explanation we can find of the origin of the Christian Church.

But, if we see nothing impossible or incredible in the fact of a future life, if we believe in God not merely as a nexus of blind forces, but as an infinite love, a fatherly providence, maintaining the great order of things with a perfect wisdom, and guiding all to blessed ends; if we find in ourselves not only body, but soul, not only sensation, but thought, powers of inexhaustible affection, untiring aspiration, reason which beholds universal law, conscience which forever proclaims within us, with solemn voice, the law of absolute right, and a hope which has always looked forward to other worlds,—then we may believe in the reappearance of Jesus as the only sufficient explanation of the rising again of a fallen faith. The resurrection of Jesus was the resurrection of Christianity.

Man has been so made by the Creator that he believes naturally, almost necessarily, in the continued existence of the soul after death. This has been the universal faith of man in ancient and modern times, in all the



great religions of the world, on all the four continents, and in the islands which sleep afar amid the waters of the blue Pacific. It has been the faith of savage and civilized man; and, if we believe man to be the child of God, then this faith has been planted in his deepest instincts by his heavenly Father. Then it is no delusion, but a prophecy of a coming reality.

But by the resurrection of Jesus this universal belief became a power, this dim expectation was changed into a living hope. A great event took place which was the source of such confidence in immortal being that it changed the face of the world. What was this event? That the Master who had been crucified reappeared to his friends, more heavenly, yet the same; not a vague apparition, not a shadowy ghost, but a distinct reality. He stood by their side and talked with them, comforted them, gave them instruction as to what to do; brought the heavenly world down to this earth; convinced them that only a thin veil separated this life from that which is to follow it. He fulfilled his own words: he himself was resurrection and life. He was there, standing among them, visibly risen, living in a higher life than theirs, but not far away. The heavenly world had come down close to this: the heavens were opened, and the disciples looked into them. They saw and knew that because they believed in this living and immortal friend they could not die. Death had no dominion over him, and would have none over them. Peter, only a little while before doubting, timid, with no solid conviction, was now able to write to his fellow-disciples in these glowing words: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, has caused us to be born again into a living hope by the rising of Jesus from the dead." Paul, who does not mention any of the miracles performed by Jesus during his life, refers to the resurrection of Jesus at least thirty times in his Epistles. The resurrection of Jesus created a faith in the minds of the apostles which became the faith of the church, and has been transmitted down to our times. Belief in a hereafter has become an instinct among Christians, a part of our Christian civilization. It has made prophets and martyrs, saints and heroes. It has been the support of the dying and the comfort of the bereaved. We do not merely believe in immortality, but we know it. It is a part of that inward experience which we call knowledge. It deepens with this Christian experience, and, as we grow in faith and love, in trust and hope, as we pray

more and realize more the presence of God, we become more certain of the resurrection. This does not come to us by reasoning or argument, but by life. It is not a belief which can be proved by logic, but a sentiment which grows by living. "Our life is hid with Christ in God."

What, then, do we know? In what consists our knowledge of the hereafter? It consists, first, in the conviction expressed by Longfellow when he says,—

"There is no death; What seems so is transition."

As we think more of what is good, as we think of immortal truth and infinite love, as we live more in noble thoughts and purposes, death becomes more unreal. Great souls tend naturally to this faith: they have an intuition of immortality. In all times minds like those of Plato, Socrates, Dante, Bacon, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, have taken immortality for granted, as something which they could not doubt. And how many thousands and tens of thousands, not men of genius, but faithful disciples of Christ, good fathers and mothers, good sons and daughters, have eternal life abiding in them, which abolishes death and wins the victory over the grave!

But we are always longing to know more. We say, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Here we only know in part, and see, as men saw their faces in the old bronze mirrors of those days, darkly. The apostles recognized their own ignorance, and frankly confessed it. "It doth not yet appear," says the apostle John, "what we shall be"; but "now," says he, "we are the sons of God," his children, and therefore he will do for us more than we can ask or think. It was the belief of Paul that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Such has been the living hope of the Christian world, that the next world will be an advance on this, higher, better, purer, nobler, happier. This hope is in accordance with all we know of God's laws here. This world is governed by the law of progress,—of progress from unorganized matter to living things; progress from lower animal forms to higher; progress from these to man; progress from the savage life of man to civilization and from a lower civilization to a higher. Such being the universal law here, we have reason to believe that God's other worlds will have the same law of progress, and that the destiny



of man is to ascend higher and ever higher in the scale of being.

Thus far we have gone with some certainty. We know by our inward experience that we are the sons of God, therefore dear to our Father; therefore, having made us for himself, he will not let us die. We know that death is nothing, only change. We know that God is leading the universe upward and onward, and each great transition lifts us to a higher plane, where we shall see more of his wisdom, his goodness and power, where we shall have more to know, more to do, and more to love.

But now we pass on from the domain where we may have certain convictions and a sure faith, into the region of probability. Shall we recognize our friends hereafter? This is so highly probable as to be almost certain. If there is one undying element in the soul, it is love. If there is one power which binds together high and low, great, and small, it is love. If Jesus, who loved the whole world, nevertheless loved his own immediate friends so much as to promise them that where he was they should be also, and that he was going away to prepare a place where they might be with him, we may believe in the permanence of all genuine love. Father Taylor, when dying, was told by some friend, "Dear brother, you are going into the company of the angels." "What do I care for angels?" said the honest, straightforward saint: "I want to be with folks." That was genuine, sincere, and highly suggestive. I never knew a man who seemed to me to have his conversation in heaven more than Father Taylor, never one to whom eternal things were more living and actual realities. But his spiritual insight taught him that we need human love even in heaven, and he was sure that we should have it.

Paul takes a step farther in this land of probability. His firm conviction was that we shall not be disembodied spirits there, but, as here, souls living in organized forms, in bodies, in the bodies by which we come into relations with other souls and the whole mysterious creation. He teaches us that at death we lay down the animal body and rise in a spiritual body, but shall be still in a body, still living in an organized form; still in time and space, somewhere, not everywhere. He tells us that the future body will differ from the present in these particulars,—in being incorruptible, not liable to decay and change; in being more powerful, with larger faculties, capacities hitherto undeveloped, perhaps new senses and new powers; in being glorious, that is, with a more radiant

beauty, a more divine expression, a more heavenly outward manifestation of the thought and love within; and, lastly, a spiritual body, one in which the spirit governs and controls the organization, and is not controlled by it; in which the lower nature is subject to the higher, and we not only will what is right, but also do right. These are the convictions of the apostle Paul in regard to the hereafter, and such was the depth of his spiritual insight that they carry with them a great weight of authority. They are also, I think, wholly in accordance with reason and with the text of Scripture. The spiritual body thus described by Paul is that which was seen by the disciples and by Paul himself. It was the risen body of the Master, in one respect the same as his earthly body, because having the same principle of organization, but different, because more highly developed and unfolded. It was the ascended body,—"*lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same.*"

"But why do we not know more?" we say. It is a blessing that we do not know more. Far better for us while we are here not to know too much of the hereafter. It would take our attention away from this life and from present duty. Why should we be thinking about the other world? Our duty is here; our daily work is enough to occupy our thought and time; to improve this world is a sufficient task. Many of our prayers and hymns teach a false morality and a false piety on this subject. One of our hymns says,—

"Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to be with God."

That implies that God is not with us now; that we have no access to him here, which is unsound doctrine. The spirit of Christ does not teach us to despise this world and to long for another, but to give our heart and thought while we are here to making God's kingdom come on earth. If we knew more of the other world and its greater joy and glory, we might lose our interest in this, and that would be a misfortune.

Knowledge is blessed when it is joined with our present duty and comes by a natural law. But ignorance may also be blessed. What a fortunate thing that we do not know the time of our death or that of those whom we love! If we did, it would paralyze life. But, being thus ignorant, we can work on cheerfully to the last moment because

"Death still draws nearer, never seeming  
near."



So long as we are well and strong, we seem to have a few years of life before us, no matter how old we are. Therefore, we can cheerfully work on. But, if we knew that we were to die at a certain time, no matter though it were several years distant, we should not, I suppose, be able to engage so earnestly in our present work. Our ignorance on this subject, then, is a blessed ignorance.

So, too, our absolute ignorance concerning some problems which every thinking person is compelled to consider has its advantages. No person who thinks at all but at times tries to settle such questions as these: "How can God foreknow all that will happen, and yet man be free?" "How can all things which happen to us be determined by the divine Providence, and yet occur in accordance with universal law?" "How can evil exist in the universe, and yet God be all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good?" These are questions which we forever ask, problems we struggle earnestly to solve. There is no answer now, no solution. We come to a solid wall which we cannot pass. Yet we know that to every question which the human reason is compelled to ask there must be somewhere an answer. If the answer is not here, it is in some other world. There are highways of thought, all converging toward some world of knowledge beyond. There are prophecies of a hereafter rooted in the very instincts of the reason. We are children in a lower class, at work on arithmetic, who have come to problems which can only be solved when we pass up into another room and study the higher mathematics.

No doubt there are also insoluble mysteries connected with the resurrection of Jesus. If, as was formerly believed, he rose in his earthly body, it was merely coming to life again. Then he would have to die once more. But "Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him." If he rose in his earthly body, if he only came back to this life again, his resurrection was not going up into a higher world, it was not a revelation of future existence, it does not show us the reality of the other life. Its great power is gone, its chief value is taken away. I therefore am satisfied that Christ arose in his higher form, and was seen by his friends in his risen, heavenly body. But there are difficulties here, too. What became of the earthly body? How was it possible to eat and drink with his friends, as is reported? This, therefore, must remain in insoluble problem for us at the present time. But suppose we understood it, and that everything concerning the resurrection was made

perfectly plain and simple. Suppose we had a scientific explanation of the nature of death and the passage upward into another state. Suppose all the mystery were gone. Would not something of the interest be gone, too? Is it not best that some questions asked here should remain unanswered?

Paul argues (Rom. viii. 24-25) that hope is sometimes better than knowledge. He says: "We are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." That is to say that, if we knew all about the other life, and saw everything there as distinctly as we see things around us, we should lose both the benefit of expectation, of looking forward to something new, and the discipline of patience, the patience that awaits, and contents itself with the present while expecting the future.

You are expecting the arrival of a friend. You watch the hours till he comes. There is a joyful hope in your heart. He arrives: that peculiar excitement then goes, and gives place to a calm content. Both are good, and it is well to have something to look forward to, something to hope for.

Blessed be the knowledge God has given us, and blessed be the ignorance in which he has left us. We know this, that we are his children. We know this also, that there is another life for us. What that life is we do not know. But we can implicitly trust the Infinite Goodness, we can entirely rely on the Divine Care. It is a pleasure sometimes to put our hand into the hand of a friend wiser and better than ourselves, and be led. Better sometimes to lean on love than to lean on science. Better to be in some things like the little child described in Tennyson, walking with her father and mother, and feeling perfectly safe, though not knowing where she is going,—

"And in their double love secure,  
The little maiden walked demure,  
Pacing with downward eyelids pure."

And then the poet described how this sweet unity of father, mother, and child seemed to explain the mystery of being which had baffled his intellect. "The dull and bitter voice" of doubt and perplexity was silenced. Another voice of trust and hope whispered to his heart, "Be of good cheer." It was "a little hint to solace woe"; a murmur out of a blissful neighborhood, "I see the end. I know the good"; music like of an Æolian harp, which gives no determined tune, but

suggests some melody above our comprehension:—

"Such seemed the whisper at my side;  
'What is it thou know'st, sweet voice?' I  
cried.  
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied.

"Which shows, although no tongue can  
prove,  
That every cloud which spreads above,  
And veileth love, itself is love."

—James Freeman Clarke.

### THE STILL HOUR.

Still on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies;  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outreach of our hearts, we need;  
God will not mock the hope he giveth,  
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;  
Some day their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;  
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,  
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

Jesus said, Let not your heart be troubled:  
believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions;  
if it were not so, I would have told you; I  
go to prepare a place for you.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, that  
will I do.

If ye love me, ye will keep my command-  
ments.

And I will pray the Father, and He shall  
give you another comforter.

I will not leave you desolate: I come unto  
you.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give  
unto you; not as the world giveth give I  
unto you.

### THE BOOK AND MAZAGINE CLUB.

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs.  
W. B. Nichols, 60 Gaffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

#### OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

#### *For Young People.*

"Five Minute Stories," "Arabian Nights," "Little Precious," "The Farm-yard Gate," "Fairy Gold," "Geoff and Jim," "Silvio and Bruno," "Japanese Stories, Fairy Tales," "A Jersey Boy in the Revolution," "Nursery Tales," "An Affair of Honor," "Aunt Joe's Scrap-Bag," "Coal and Coal Mines," "Favorite Rhymes for the Nursery."

#### *Miscellaneous.*

"My Mother and I"; "The Berkeleys"; "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," Gail Hamilton; "A Duet," Conan Doyle; "Nonsense Verses," Edward Lear; "Sketch Book," "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving; "Story of Miles Standish"; "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero"; "Home Letters of Gen. Sherman"; "Master of the Vineyard," Myrtle Reed; "A Blue Stocking in India"; "Simon Tetlow's Shadow"; "The Doctor's Lass"; "Twice-born Men," Begbie; "America's Interest in International Conditions," Mahan.

*Atlantic Monthly*, 1910-11; *McClure's*, 1910; *The Delineator*, 1911.

The Brighton Branch offers the following books. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass., Boulevard Station:—

"A Year of Miracle," W. C. Gannett; "The Coming Race," Lord Lytton; "Our Lady of the Green" (Ladies' Golf); "The Letters of Capt. Dreyfus to his Wife"; "Unto the Hills"; J. R. Mills, D.D.; "Correspondence of Channing and Lucy Aiken"; "Biographies of Good Wives," L. M. Child; "Character of Thomas Jefferson," Theo. Dwight; "The Laborer and Capitalist," F. O. Willey; "Dream Life," Ik Marvel; "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot"; "Cure for Thought-taking," George Macdonald; "The Crown of Wild Olive," John Ruskin; "St. Mark's Rest," Ruskin; "Woman in Amer-



ican Society," Abba Gould Woolson; "Human Intercourse," Philip Gilbert Hamerton; "Memoirs of Madame Desbordes," Valmore; "The Popular Dana Collection"; "The Schoolmaster's Trunk," Mrs. A. M. Diaz; "The Woman's Kingdom," D. M. Mulock; "Miller of Angebault," George Sand; "True Manliness," Mrs. L. C. Tutill; "Ocean Sketches," Fred M. Wendt; "L'Aiglon," Translation by J. P. Wilson; "Beyond the Great South Wall," Frank Saville; "Twenty Years After," A. Dumas; "Crown Jewels," Emma L. Moffett; "The Scar," Dawson; "Chronicles of the Schöenberg-Cotta Family"; "The Deemster," Hall Caine.

#### Health Books.

"Purity and Truth," Mary Wood Allen, M.D.; "Health," Edward Smith; "Physical Training of Children," P. H. Chrasse; "The Boy," Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

#### Poems.

"Othello," "King Lear," Shakespeare; "A Dream of Fair Women," Tennyson; Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck; Grammar School Hymn Book; "The Spanish Gypsy," "The Legend of Jubal," George Eliot; Jean Ingelow's Poems; "The Masque of Pandora," Longfellow; "Motherhood," A Poem; "Poems," Craik; "Cyrano de Bergerac," Edmond Rostand.

#### School Books.

Popular History of the United States, John Frost; Exercises in Algebra, Wentworth and Hill; Academic Algebra, William F. Bradbury; Arithmetic, Colburn; Elementary English Grammar, Kittredge and Arnold; "La Mère Michel et Son Chat"; Schools and Masters of Painting.

#### Travels.

"The Tourist's Guide to the Yosemite Valley," J. M. Hutchins; "Pictures of Arctic Travels," Dr. Isaac I. Hayes; "Tourist Tales of California," Sara White Isaman; Baedeker's London.

Miss E. E. Harrington, Massachusetts Avenue, Lexington, Mass., offers the *Musical Magazine* which is published monthly, containing piano, violin, music, and songs.

Miss Edith S. Tilden, 55 White Street, Milton, Mass., offers Drummond's "Addresses."

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers the *Revue Philanthropique*, the periodical published by the French Associated Charities, to any charity worker who reads French.

#### REQUESTS.

*Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.*

1. I want to thank, through the *Cheerful Letter*, all who have been so kind as to send me reading in the past. I should have written each personally, but have been very ill; was in the hospital for several weeks this fall. As some of the addresses were lost during that time, I did not know whom to thank. As I am not able to do any work, I should be glad of some books for myself, also for my orphan grandchildren. Mrs. J. V. Ware, Sandidges, Route 1, Virginia.

2. Mrs. E. H. Broaddus, Glen Allen, Virginia, has not had anything for a long time, and asks that reading be sent her.

3. Mrs. L. G. Puckett, Stovall, North Carolina, will be glad of books and magazines.

4. Mrs. Helen M. Warner, Mt. Vernon, New Hampshire, asks for "Cape Cod Folks."

5. It has been a long time since I sent a request to the Book Club for books. I haven't a Bible and will ask the Book Club to please send me one with large type. My house burned, and everything was lost except the clothes my son and I had on. Every book we had was burned. We would deeply appreciate any book. Would be thankful for a dictionary. Would like very much to correspond with a woman fifty or sixty years old. Mrs. Ella Hay, Locust Grove, Oklahoma.

6. Mrs. Henry Nelson, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 26, a lonely invalid, will be grateful for reading.

7. Six years ago, in response to my appeal, a *Cheerful Letter* friend sent me "Jonathan Edwards," by Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D. I have read and re-read this volume, and it has only sharpened my appetite to read more about this remarkable man. I should be much gratified to receive any books about him, or any of his published writings. Rev. Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

8. Maggie Atkinson, Spencer, Virginia, fourteen years old, asks for reading and a large print Bible for her mother.

9. Miss Ivy Garland, Rupert, Arkansas, will be glad of magazines. (It is best to say whether odd numbers of old magazines or current magazines are needed.)

10. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter Club for the nice magazines and books they have been sending me the past few months. Many failed to send their addresses, so I take this way of expressing my appreciation. Some one has been so kind as to have the *Ladies' Home Journal* sent to me, and I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed reading it. Both my mother and I have enjoyed the magazines and books very much indeed. Miriam R. Beal, 111 Atlantic Avenue, Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. Crelia Medlin, Forestburg, Texas, R. R. 2, will be grateful for any reading. She loves to read, but is unable to buy.

12. Books will be very welcome and of great assistance to Mrs. D. M. Ansley, Statesville, North Carolina, to be used in a town where there is no library open just now on account of a fire, and where later they would be placed in the library for the use of all in the town.

13. Rev. R. A. Yongue, Fort Lawn, South Carolina, will be grateful for magazines to distribute to the mill, country, or mountain people.

14. Mrs. J. W. Little, Palmyra, Virginia, an invalid with children (ages not given), will be glad of reading.

The editor asks for the following numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* to complete a list:—

June, July, August, September, October, November, 1904; and April, 1905. Send these directly to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., as she can use duplicates.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mr. Nathan T. Hale, from Ben Hur to Lester, Litcher Co., Kentucky.

Miss Margaret A. Richard, from Newburn to 2301 Park Street, Columbia, South Carolina.

Miss Lucy Wortingu, Old People's Home, Marshallville, Ohio.

Mrs. M. L. Daniel, from Farmville, Virginia, to Whitehall, New York.

#### AT REST.

Mrs. R. A. Mills, Polkton, North Carolina.

#### THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

PARENTS BLAMED FOR BOY PROBLEM: JUDGE WAIT ADVOCATES FARM LIFE AND LABOR AS A CURE.

"Often when a boy gets into court, his mother comes before me to plead for him. The very trouble with the boy is that his mother has been pleading with him and for him all his life—instead of spanking him!"

This is the latest opinion on the "bad Boston boy" problem handed down by Judge William C. Wait of the superior Court.

"That mother," continued the judge, "has never made her boy mind. She has been doing what he told her all his life. Some people think whipping a child is degrading, and perhaps it is, but it's not more so than having the child brought into court for larceny. American children rule their parents. Our criminal population would be seriously diminished if this were not so. American fathers and mothers are too weak.

"Most of the boys that come into the court—and there are a great many of them—are the sons of respectable parents, only they've been loosely brought up. That is, they get 'out with the gang,' and their parents—like many American parents—don't bring them round sharply. The boys get to drinking, and then into the courts. In a great many cases it is the respectable but weak parents who are really responsible for the downfall of their children.

"I don't know positively, but my belief is that the boys of Boston are getting worse instead of better. This is because there is less chance for them to work. Lack of work is the whole root of the 'bad boy' problem. If society could inspire boys with a desire to work and give them the opportunity to work, the puzzle would be solved. But the boy gets out on street corners and gets fond of loafing. He is urged to stay in school as long as possible, and all his training unconsciously tends to make him think clerical work is better than laboring with his hands.

#### COULD BE EASILY SAVED.

"Seventeen out of twenty boys who come before me are not really bad, and society could save them. But society doesn't save them. The system is wrong. A boy pleads guilty to some offence. What has society got for that boy? Well, it's got prisons and reformatories—the prisons being really reformatories. At the heads of these institutions are fine, tender-hearted men and women, and a large percentage of the boys



and girls sent to these places do reform. It's a pretty difficult task, however, to be a flawless mother or father to a large and constantly changing set of young people. The heads of our institutions perform this task as well as possible. But neither prisons nor reformatories can solve satisfactorily the problem of the bad boy.

"I should like to see a system of farms for the boys that are brought into court. I don't mean places where a lot of these boys are sent all together, but a list of farms to which a judge could send a boy and be sure he would receive good and wise treatment. He ought to be entirely separated from boys of his own kind, and there shouldn't be more than two or three other boys on the farm, if there are any others. The farmer who took charge of the boy would have to feel a true affection for him, or the work wouldn't help much. Affection is what a boy of that sort needs, provided it is the right kind of affection."

The judge was asked to tell Boston parents how to keep their children out of court.

"They need only a good, solid affection for their children," said his Honor, "and the ability to set them a good example."—*Selected.*

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

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### SHORE LARKS.

*April 1.*—Welcome to April, my natal month,—the month of the swelling buds, the springing grass, the first nests, the first plantings, the first flowers, and last, but not least, the first shad! The door of the seasons first stands ajar this month, and gives us a peep beyond. The month in which to begin the world, in which to begin your house, in which to begin your courtship, in which to enter upon any new enterprise. The bees usually get their first pollen this month and their first honey. All hibernating creatures are out before April is past. The coon, the chipmunk, the bear, the turtles, the frogs, the snakes, come forth beneath April skies.

*April 8.*—A day of great brightness and clearness,—a crystalline April day that precedes snow. In this crisp air the flakes are forming. As in a warm streaming south wind one can almost smell the swelling buds, so a wind from the opposite quarter at this season often suggests the crystalline snow. I go up into the sugar bush (this was up among the Catskills) and linger for an hour among the old trees. The air is still and has the property of being "hollow," as the farmers say; that is, it is heavy, motionless,

and transmits sound well. Every warble of a bluebird or robin, or caw of crow or bark of dog, or bleat of sheep, or cackle of geese, or call of boy or man, within the landscape, comes distinctly to the ear. The smoke from the chimney goes straight up.

I walk through the bare fields; the shore larks run or flit before me; I hear their shuffling, gurgling, lisping, half inarticulate song. Only of late years have I noticed the shore larks in this section. Now they breed and pass the summer on these hills, and I am told that they are gradually becoming permanent residents in other parts of the state. They are nearly as large as the English skylark, with conspicuous black markings about the head and throat,—shy birds squatting in the sear grass, and probably taken by most country people who see them to be sparrows.

Their flight and manner in song is much like that of the skylark. The bird mounts up and up on ecstatic wing, till it becomes a mere speck against the sky, where it drifts to and fro, and utters at intervals its crude song, a mere fraction or rudiment of the skylark's song, a few sharp, lisping, unmelodious notes, as if the bird had a bad cold and could only now and then make any sound,—heard a long distance, but insignificant, a mere germ of the true lark's song, as it were the first rude attempt of nature in this direction. After due trial and waiting she develops the lark's song itself. But, if the law of evolution applies to bird songs as well as to other things, the shore lark should in time become a fine songster. I know of no bird song that seems so obviously struggling to free itself and reach a fuller expression. As the bird seems more and more inclined to abide permanently amid cultivated fields, and to forsake the wild and savage north, let me hope that its song is also undergoing a favorable change.—"*Spring Jottings*," by John Burroughs.

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## NOBLE LIVES.

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### III.

#### SUSAN DIMOCK.

About the middle of the last century a little girl was growing up in North Carolina. Her mother was a Southerner, but her father came from New England. He had there a position as master of a high school, and afterward taught a school for young men in North Carolina.

Susan Dimock was accustomed to say, in later life, "I am slow to take an idea: I



was always slow; I was *eight years old* before I perceived the sin of slavery."

At twelve years old she told her father that she wished to study medicine, and become a physician. As her family were then in comfortable circumstances, and living in a community where no woman ever worked, except from necessity, this was regarded as an eccentricity. But she had formed her purpose and adhered to it. When about thirteen or fourteen, being at a watering-place, she was observed to be absorbed in a book, and continued sitting in the corner of the piazza for an hour or more. "What interesting story has Susie got?" asked one. An old physician, standing by, replied, "It is one of my medical books, which I have lent her, and one of the driest, too."

In 1861, at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, she was fourteen years old, a silent, timid, reserved girl. One day she sat by herself reading, while in the same room several persons were discussing the situation, and bitterly denouncing the Abolitionists of the North. In a pause of the discussion, a soft, clear voice was heard, saying, "*I am an Abolitionist.*" Some of those present turned angrily upon her, saying, "If that is the truth, you might at least be ashamed to own it!" She made no reply.

At eighteen years old she was living in New England and studying medicine. It proved that she had the peculiar and rare gifts which qualified her to be not only a physician, but a surgeon. Dr. Samuel Cabot, one of the highest authorities of that time, said that Susan Dimock would without doubt take the highest rank in her profession as a surgeon.

It was at this time that she formed the friendship which brought so much happiness to her short life, a friendship like that of David and Jonathan. Bessie Greene, this nearest and dearest friend, was as rare a character as Susan Dimock, but there was a strong contrast between them. One was timid, silent, and full of reserved force, a deep well, full of inexhaustible treasures. The other all sunshine and brilliancy, a sparkling flashing fountain, scattering the jewels of her rare mind with generous profusion.

Susan Dimock studied three years in Boston (1865 to 1868), and four in Zürich and Vienna.

Dr. Funk, of Vienna, said of her:—

"Among those who attended my lectures in the General Hospital of this city, she was one of the most talented and industrious; and all of my colleagues have expressed themselves to me as of the same opinion.

"I still see her before me, this charming figure, as she stepped into the sick room, full of modesty and propriety, and as though she were treading on holy ground; as she listened with rapt attention to my every word; as she examined the patient tenderly and with merciful hand, and yet thoroughly and completely; how she handled any and all instruments with skill, clearly comprehending all phases of a disease, accurately distinguishing the essential from the incidental (a rare gift in women); and then, after thorough examination, how she gave, though with due care, still a straightforward, unshaken, independent opinion. I may say, as to her classic repose and the beautiful balance of all her being and action, that it was to me a matter of constant, downright surprise."

In 1872 she returned to Boston, and accepted for three years the office of Resident Physician to the New England Hospital for Women.

It was at about this time that my own memories of Susan Dimock begin. My father had known her somewhat earlier, as she had come to him for the letter of recommendation, which the rules of the University of Zürich required. The letter was to be written by the pastor of the applicant, or some minister in good standing.

The impression I have retained of her is of a certain grave sweetness combined with reserved force, an earnestness and dignity which commanded respect, and even caused an involuntary sense of awe. "She ruled her hospital like a little Napoleon," said one who knew her.

Her voice was extremely soft and sweet, her articulation clear; but she spoke slowly and in rather a low tone. I do not remember ever to have heard her voice raised or hurried. Perhaps for this reason any expression of displeasure was very forcible and made a deep impression, although her tones were at such times only lower and slower than usual. Once, having occasion to reprove her students for some neglect or carelessness, she said to a friend, after leaving the room: "Do you think I was hard on them? If you think so, I will go back and say so to them." Then, reflecting; "But they *must* learn—they *must* remember—a *doctor* has no right *ever* to forget!" One of her students said of her; "When I receive a reproof from Dr. Dimock, I lose all sense of *hurt*, in admiration for her manner of giving it."

Outsiders were admitted to her lectures to nurses. I attended those; and a sentence which closed one lecture made a strong impression upon me. With earnestness, which



came from deep and strong feeling, she said: "Think that every patient is your sister. Imagine that you see your *own* sister in that bed before you, and treat her in every respect as you would like your own sister to be treated."

How to express that which is in truth inexpressible,—the depth of her tenderness for the suffering, the weak, the sinful? What is most repelling to the ordinary mind, disease; mental weakness, moral degradation, seemed to win from her only the more love, pity, and sympathy. I recall her saying of a poor, half-insane patient who was found difficult to manage, but was amenable to the influence of Dr. Dimock and of one other friend, "She knows that *we* love her!" But the tone and manner in which this was said cannot be transferred to paper.

One department of the Hospital was devoted to maternity patients; and the young physician became deeply interested in these patients, more especially in the young, unmarried mothers, who at this perilous crisis were in especial need of a friendly hand. There was no provision made for caring for them after their discharge, and she suffered much from her unsuccessful efforts to meet and provide for this want, by interesting those who she had hoped would share her feelings on this subject. But help was at hand.

During the winter of 1872-73, Miss Greene (the friend of Susan Dimock) spent some months at the New England Hospital, receiving treatment for an accident to her knee, which caused a temporary lameness. She soon became interested in the patients in the Maternity Department, and instead of being afraid to attack a difficult problem, and feeling excused, by youth and inexperience from handling it, she determined courageously that something should be done.

Her earnestness and hopefulness drew to her side one or two friends (of whom I was one), and our work may be said to have really begun in the autumn of 1873, though planned the previous winter.

Susan Dimock's laborious and engrossing cares and duties as Resident Physician of the Hospital, made it impossible for her to engage in this outside work for the patients, which needed practically the *whole* time, thought, and strength of those who made themselves the responsible workers. She assisted us, however, by her sympathy, her warm personal interest in every patient, and the degree of co-operation which was necessary, in making our arrangements for each one before entering the Hospital and after leaving it.

We called this charity "The Invisible Institution," because, although doing in fact the work of an institution, it was found better to aid each patient as a personal friend,—not founding a "Home," and so avoiding the heavy expenses and cumbrous methods of institutional charity. All the work was done by two or three individuals, and each patient was assisted according to her especial needs.

A saying of Miss Greene's has stayed with me ever since those early days. In speaking of one or two of those who were hardest to help, she said: "Now, we must not set our hearts upon *reforming* them. We must be satisfied if we can pour a little oil into their wounds."

Before we had fixed upon some settled plan, we were once very much puzzled in regard to the destiny of a poor infant, whose mother seemed unable to take care of him. "What can we do?" I asked Dr. Dimock, "no institution for infants will accept him; all are full; but, when there is a vacancy, no one wants a boy, because boys are hard to have adopted; and, moreover, this child is so ugly, and has some peculiarity of the eyes that makes him very unattractive. *No one* wants the care of an ugly, sickly, cross baby!"

"No," said she, and then her eyes filled with tears, "I should," she added.

It was true. Disease, insanity, even vice and sin, drew only love and pity from that deep, tender heart. She believed that the worst people could be reclaimed by love. "It is love," she said, "that gives a soul."

For two short, happy years we worked together. Then in the spring of 1875 these two dear and noble women were called to higher work, elsewhere, at the age of twenty-eight. And their work—this part of it—was left to us.

They were lost in the steamer "Schiller," off the coast of the Scilly Isles, in May, 1875.

The body of Bessie Greene was never recovered. Susan Dimock's was found, floating on the water, with an expression of such peace and power on her face that it made a wonderful impression on all who saw it. Even the rough men who carried her to the shore were strangely influenced by it.

A letter from Dr. Hoggan, who went at once to the spot, is worth quoting. He says:—

"One officer who stood by me, while we gazed at the face of the dead, said: 'Look there! That woman died like a hero. I warrant ye she neither showed nor felt any fear of death. I would willingly meet death to-morrow if I could wear the same expression on my face afterwards.'



"The men who had shown so much feeling begged to lay flowers at her side.

"I could fill a book with the remarks made to me by the people of the island.

"One officer declared to me that he had never in his life before experienced the power that the look in her face after death had upon him. He told me that, had he met her in life, he would have been ready, had she ordered it, to leave everything and obey her as a slave. Another told me that even in old age he would retain the vivid impress of her face, and recognize her by it, even after death, should he meet her.

"(She did wonders in her life, and after her death her body prophesied.)

"When we left the island with the case containing the body in our care, those who followed it insisted on putting it on board with their own hands; and one remarked to me, 'There, we have placed her aboard as gently as ever her mother laid her to her breast as a baby.'

It would be impossible to describe the sense of loss that fell upon her patients and friends.

"Why, Miss C.," said one of them, "I can't imagine that woman any different in heaven from what she was here!"—*L. F. C.*

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AT THE SERVICES HELD AT THE CHURCH OF  
THE DISCIPLES, JUNE 4TH, IN MEMORY OF  
DR. SUSAN DIMOCK.

We have the sad satisfaction to-day of coming together for one last united expression of love and reverence toward our dear friends. We come to salute the sacred dead. Having loved such souls as these, we shall always love them. Having known them once, we shall never cease to know them. Other memories grow dim with years; important events, incidents of our own life, fade away in our memory; but the friend of our youth, the child we have lost long years ago, the noble souls whose presence has made our own life rich and full, *these* journey on with us through the years and the changes of being, an immortal companionship, a perpetual prophecy that we are somewhere and somehow to have them again and keep them always.

In fact we never believe so little in death as when in the presence of what is called death. The prayer-book says, "In the midst of life we are in death": it is yet more true that *in the midst of death we are in life*. These souls, so radiant with an unearthly light, so pure, so full of hope, progress, enthusiasm,—we are sure that this accident to the body has not touched *them*, cannot have touched them.

There was nothing mortal about that which we knew and loved: mortality has not come near them. What they *were* they *are*, and shall be forever:—

"Their life is bright, bright without spot it was,

And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour  
Knocks at their door with tidings of mishap.  
Far off are they, beyond desire and fear,  
No more submitted to the change and chance

Of this unsteady planet. Oh, 'tis well with *them*."

Susan Dimock, whose mortal remains, preserved with reverent and tender care, have been brought back to us, combined so much of strength and sweetness, power and gentleness, unshaken strength of purpose, with all feminine graces, knowledge, and skill complete and consummate for her years, with such retiring modesty, that a strange power went from her, drawing all hearts who came within her sphere. With the spirit of an apostle, who counted not her life dear, so that she might finish the work which she had agreed with her own soul to fulfil, there was also the subtle, spiritual grace which turned all duty into beauty, and made her life as full of charm as it was full of heroism.

When we heard of this great disaster, it seemed almost too much to lose, with Susan Dimock, her intimate friend, another soul, also so rare and radiant; so full of courage, hope, truth, and generosity; another of those who can only come to us occasionally, and who make all our lives so much better and happier by their coming. These two dear friends, each so noble, so needed, went away together, and a part of our own life seems to have gone with them:—

"For, oh, they stood beside us like our youth,  
Transformed for us the real into a dream,  
Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the Dawn."

She, too, was so young and yet so wise, so full of enjoyment, always happy, bright as a sunbeam, and also taking the most serious and most noble tasks of life into her young hands, becoming an arm of aid to the weak and a hand of help of the helpless. She was also one who, emancipated from all mere routine and free as a bird in air, yet laid on herself gladly the self-imposed law to give thought, life, love, to the most forlorn and the most helpless of her human sisters. So she walked, singing as she went, on the upward way which leads into more and more of life, and now has entered into that Presence where life is in all its fulness. There is so

much less sunshine here, but there will be all the more there.

These are they who never die. These are they, who, forgetting themselves, are remembered forever. How true are the poet's words that it is this faith "in some ideal good," this ethereal mood that "thanks the fates for their severer tasks"; it is this that

"Shall win man's praise and woman's love,  
Shall be a wisdom that we set above  
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
A virtue round whose forehead we in-  
wreathe

Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
When other crowns grow, while we twine  
them, sere."

Therefore we do not bid them farewell, we will keep them by us. To-day we will not think of loss repiningly; but we will think gratefully of the goodness which has sent to us such beautiful lives to raise our own standard of what is good, which has given us such friendships as these. One of their friends has shown to me a passage in Lowell's "Ode," which almost seems to have been written for these who were lovely in life, and not divided in their death:—

"Blow trumpets, all your exultations blow,  
For never shall their aureoled presence lack.  
I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
With ever youthful brows that nobler show.  
We find in our dull road their shining track,  
In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unutterable good;  
They come, transfigured, back;  
Secure from change in their high-hearted  
ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white shield of expectation."

Agreeably to our request, a friend has given us an account of the scene at Dr. Dimock's grave:—

"When we had reached the spot where our dear friend's body was to be laid to rest, we stood around her open grave, and the minister repeated from the Gospel of John the passage beginning 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

"Then Dr. Bowditch said: 'I know no one for whom I have a more sincere love and respect than I had for Dr. Dimock, and I now propose that instead of allowing the last services to be performed by strangers, we who knew her and loved her in life should with our own hands lay the earth in her grave.'

"At once the physicians present took the spades from the hands of the undertaker's men, and other friends came forward all anxious to join in rendering this last tribute to

one so honored and beloved. Most touching it was to see the anxiety on the faces of those who were waiting their turn to be allowed to share the privilege of once more doing some small service to her from whom so much had been received. Very gently, with reverent hands, the earth was placed upon the coffin, the birds singing, and the trees waving, and the blue June sky looking down as if with a blessing all the time. And, when the last spadeful had been tenderly laid down, we covered the grave with flowers and came away, leaving indeed the precious body in the earth, but with a memory and a hope that will never die out of our hearts, making each day of our lives more beautiful and blessed with the thought of one whose own life was a perpetual benediction."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

#### IMMORTAL LIFE.

To my mind this is the great proof of immortality,—the fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the circle and extension on matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is thus in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification is to represent him not as the Father of all, but as only a deceiver. I feel the longing after immortality,—a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being. I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of immortality; that I am not to die,—no, never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father, and the Father of the nations. Can the Almighty deceive his children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my immortality. I ask no argument from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and, rising forth from their honored tombs, stood here before me,—the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live. I could only say, "I knew all this before: why waste you heavenly speech!" I have now indubitable



certainty of eternal life. Death, removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty.

. . . There are a great many things true which no man as yet can prove true, some things so true that nothing can make them plainer or more plainly true. I think it is so with this doctrine, and therefore, for myself, ask no argument. With my views of God, of God, of the relation between the two, I want no proof, satisfied with my own consciousness of immortality. . . .

The idea of immortality, like the idea of God, in a certain sense is born in us; and fast as we come to consciousness of ourselves we come to consciousness of God and of ourselves as immortal. The higher we advance in wisdom, goodness, piety, the larger place do God and immortality hold in our experience and inward life. I think that is the regular and natural process of a man's development. Doubt of either seems to me an exception, an irregularity. . . .

What form our conscious, social, and increased activity shall take we know not. We know of that no more than before our birth we knew of this world, of sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch, or the things which they reveal. We are not born into that world, have not its senses yet. This we know; that the same God, all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, rules there and then, as here and now. Who cannot trust him to do right and best for all? For my own part, I feel no wish to know how or where or what I shall be hereafter. I know it will be right for my truest welfare, for the good of all. I am satisfied with this trust.—*Theodore Parker*.

#### THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine;  
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,  
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard  
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird;  
And the bursting buds and the springing  
grass  
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;  
And the sky and the sea and the throbbing sod  
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,  
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;  
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave  
Were riven that, living, Thy life might save.  
But, blind and wayward, I could not see  
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;  
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and  
sin,  
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in:

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,  
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;  
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,  
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;  
And yet the light of Thy kingly face  
Illumined for Thyself a small, dark place,  
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made  
sweet,  
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,  
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;  
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be  
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.  
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,  
Reign—I will worship and serve my guest.  
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—  
No end can come to the Easter tide.

—*M. L. Dickinson*.

#### AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

##### I.

##### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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All the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written, one below the other, the path from 1 to 2 will spell the name of the founder of Quebec, and the path from 3 to 4 will spell the name of a governor of Canada under the French.

1. A President of the United States.
2. A famous battle in ancient history.
3. A town in the department of Gard, France.
4. Gathered together in a roundish mass or dense cluster.
5. An ancient government of France.
6. An English chemist.

7. An island in the North Pole regions.
8. The Roman name for France, Switzerland, etc.
9. A city in Pennsylvania.
10. A vessel with a warning light.
11. A name sometimes given to Northern United States.
12. A direction for performance of music.
13. A Theban general.
14. Pertaining to geometry.

## II.

## A BUNCH OF TREES.

What tree has been the scene of many a battle?

What tree would you be proud to wear on your head?

What tree would furnish you with footwear?

What tree would you choose for winter warmth?

What tree would furnish your summer clothing?

What tree would best serve to hold all this clothing?

Like what tree do you look when you are dressed up?

What tree do you carry in each hand?

What tree do you have in your mouth?

In what tree do we find Irishmen?

What tree would have the most bark?

Around what tree do the soldiers gather?

From what tree can you pick ripe jokes?

What tree remains after every forest fire?

What tree delights the fellow who is fond of fishing?

What tree makes a piece of farm machinery?

What tree will you be if you guess all these?

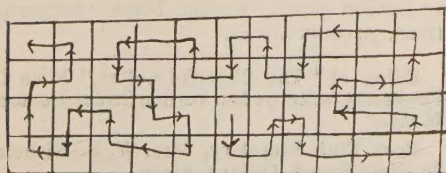
—Selected.

*Answers to puzzles in March number.*

I. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Part I.: Winter, Augusta, Green, Adelaide, White, Florence, Blue, Virginia, Red, Clyde, Black Orange, Sydney, Charles, Tweed, George, Lookout, Winchester, Augusta, Fear, Santee (Santa), Lark.

II. TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Jackson, Madison, Lincoln.

III. A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



Andrew Jackson.  
John Caldwell Calhoun.  
James Madison.

(Part II. of the Geographical Puzzle will appear in the May number.)

## ON EASTER EVEN.

When the sun sets, let me say:

"Each day is an Easter Day,  
When the Lord may rise in me,  
Bringing life and victory;

Every eve an Easter eve,  
When my heart a glorious guest  
Must make ready to receive,  
Swept and cleansed and duly dressed!

"On its altar there shall lie  
Lilies white of purity;  
Roses white and roses red  
Shall their grateful odors shed;  
Passion flowers with cross on breast,  
Violet purple sweet, I'll lay  
Where my Lord's dear feet may rest,  
Haply on this Easter Day."

No long waiting need we know,  
While the slow months come and go;  
No set Lent observe if we  
Make all time our Lent to be;  
Not one festal, brief and bright,  
But a year, where every morn  
Hearts made ready over night  
Wake to find an Easter dawn.

So each night, O faithful heart,  
Keep thy vigil, draw apart,  
Dress thy altar fair and fit,  
Sure the Lord will hallow it!  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Sin in vain would bar his way;  
And each morrow, in the skies,  
There shall dawn an Easter Day!

—Susan Coolidge.

This is "the Life"! Not that he came again  
Into these misty twilights of the earth,  
But that he rose at once from death and pain  
To Heaven's immortal birth!

This is "the Resurrection"! No mere form  
Out of death's gloom an hour's revisit  
given,  
But the great Life, above earth's change and  
storm,  
Forever in God's heaven!

O death, that ever followeth after life!  
O life, that ever cometh out of death!  
Now do we know, in that great ceaseless  
strife,  
'Tis Life that conquereth!

So "Christ is risen" is not alone *their* strain  
Who can receive the ancient word of faith;  
But for all hearts that hear, and not in vain  
His gospel—which each spring repeats  
again—  
Of Life that conquers death.

—Brooke Herford.



## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

## OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* will be held Friday, April 5, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

## LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter Exchange* offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

*The Home Study Work* of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter Exchange*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.